KNAVE

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VOLUME 23 NUMBER 7

SHIP SHAPE
&
Bristol Fashion

STATE OF
THE NATION
The Sioux
at
Wounded
Knee

Rio Ravers

THE BEST
BUMS
IN
BRAZIL

ISSN 0265-1289
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Kathy

Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside. La de da de da. And who could blame me with tasty boilers like Kathy lying about all over the place! Cor, lumme, makes yer blush, don't it? You go out onto the beach for a quick constitutional and what happens? You get lots of vag and beev (as in beaver) lying about, taking the air. Can't move for it. 'Specially in Southend. That's where I go for me cockles. Ooer, what a knees up! Luverly!!! Unk, unk, unk.

Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

Ruth

Woah! What about this for a statuesque sex machine, eh? And Ruth ain't so bad either, now that you come to mention it. And 'come' certainly is the operative word. The editorial office was awash with my seed once I'd finished mopping out my underpinnings after a frenzied Ruth session. Still, it did earn me a few points in the weekly 'Most Disgusting Thing To Do In Front Of The Telephone Hygienist' contest. It's open to all comers, of course . . .

Photographed by HUBERT TOYOT

Let's face it, you could do worse than stare at Roberta all day long without stopping. Unless you're an HGV driver, or happen to be operating heavy machinery at the time. In these cases, and perhaps a few others, you may suffer a nasty, maybe even tragic, accident and look to sue Knave for negligence. We'd then have to sue our feisty Italian dish here for being almost illegally sexy. So if you could just skip pasta this set a bit faster than usual, it'd save us a lot on legal fees.

GLOBAL WARMING

roberta

Photographed by M.R.A.

Yo readers! Here's a cool chick to get yer motor ticking over nicely. Her name's Monica and as you can see, she's a bit of a mechanic. Well, she can fix my big end any day! No, but seriously, Monica is very good with her hands. Just the other day, one guy wanted a bit of pumping up, but she told him to get lost and blew up his tyres instead!

Photographed by JAMES FEED-ME

741 CPD

Monica

Cybil

'Ello. Here's an ancient jest for ya. Why's Cybil in the navy? 'Cause she likes a lot of seamen! Or, should that be semen? I dunno, I could never tell jokes properly anyway. So don't look in my blurbs for a laugh, OK. Oh, an' keep flying the flag Cyb, we'll stand as one an' give you a big salute. Kworrimean!!!!

Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

Cybil
KNAVE

Bridget

Ain't it simply sweet how all the best things in this strange universe begin with a B. Oh, ya don't believe me, huh? Well check out the following list of beaooootiful B thangs. Like for instance: Breasts, Bums, and, er . . . can't think of any more, sorry. By the way, wotcha think of this boiler called Bridget?

Photographed by BOB VEZE.

Sheena

Photographed by SHELLEY LAWRENCE

This gal's a bit hirsute in the trouser regions, eh? Now some of you may find it a right cock-stirrer to go down on a quim with more hair on it than the audience at yer average rock gig, but hair pie ain't my thing. Don't get me wrong, I like a faceful of fanny as much as the next editor, it's just that I'd rather use my own dental floss and not Sheena's home grown stuff!

Chrissy

Photographed by HUBERT TOYOT

Chrissy fills a much-missed gap here (no vice versa jokes, please). Over the past few months, certain pro-flame hair organisations not too distant from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Red Headed League have accused us of being anti-ginger. These groups are nothing but militant trouble makers. Of course we're not anti-red. We're definitely pro the cause. The more reds in yer bed, the better, just so long as the sex is safe and the ginger ain't a Tom!

Photographed by M. ANCHER

Lianne

The blurb is a wonderful thing. A quiet moment of contemplation shared between the reader and the anonymous face behind the keyboard. A brief respite before a visual orgy of stimulation and excitement shakes us to the very seams of our trousers. Perhaps the moment to reach for that spare packet of tissues before Lianne takes her toll on our spent bodies . . .

KNAVE

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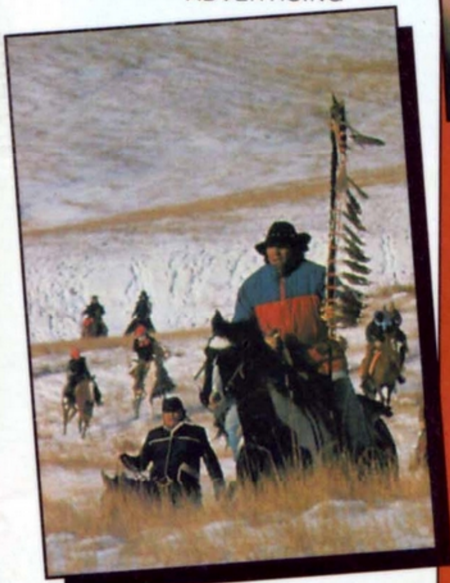

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PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 5

her mouth and two fingers up her soaking wet cunt, as she stood there with legs spread. She juddered and gasped with joy as my thrusting fingers went up her swollen cunt. Now I'm not going to boast on about some twelve inch fantasy cock like you read in other mags, but mine is a true nine inches exactly, from the base of my belly to the tip of the swollen head. Sue's measured it for me on many a loving night and it's very thick — a fraction over five and a half inches round. Suzanne screams ecstatically when I really screw her with it, there are certain positions I have to go very carefully with it, when her knees are pushed down against her tits and I ram it right up her. God she really gets fucked that way I can tell you.

Pun-ilingus

Tights:
Glue jeans.

Top secret:
She always went to his place and kept her padded bra on, because she didn't want her boyfriend to see her flat.

Tumfoolery:
Bellybutton jewellery.

Typing pool:
A nude swimming area where the water's clear enough to reveal the pubic hair style of the bathers.

I pushed Mandy's top up and got my first sight of her fat, thick, pink nippled 36 inch tits. I grabbed her right tit and she groaned as her hands gripped my swollen cock, "God, it's huge," she moaned, "oh, Christ, stick it up me, for God's sake fuck it up me." I pulled her down onto the floor with me, I was naked now and that's how I wanted her. I stripped her and she spread her legs as I climbed between them and without further ado I eased my swollen cock into her tight, wet cunt. She cried out with happiness and I put my hands on her arms and fucked her stupid. She was out of her mind as I screwed her, and boy was her cunt stretched. God, she was tight, what a fuck! I have a great sense of control and can hold out for ages when I fuck, it drives Sue wild, but this time I just wanted a good ten minutes of ramming up her.

This was dream stuff and when you get the chance you have to take as much as you can, because the chance may never arrive again. I was fucking her so hard, her love juices were squirting out all over my thighs as her cunt fought to take my huge, swollen, pumping cock. She was coming again and I went for it as hard as I could to finish with her. I felt my spunk beginning to rise from my balls, and then I was pumping thick jets of spunk up inside her streaming snatch. She was tossing her head from side to side, and crying out as she came.

I suddenly thought, shit, she'll wake the kids, and as I looked up Sue was propped up on her elbows watching me fuck Mandy! For a second I thought, "Oh shit, this is it, fella." Then she just flopped back on the bed and started to wank her cunt slowly. Her eyes were glazed. I rolled off Mandy and she lay there shaking, her thighs trembling visibly. My cock was still rock hard, it always takes ages to go down after a really hard fucking session. I knew if I could get it right into her, then it would stay hard for the job, and boy did I want to fuck her in front of Mandy. I pulled Mandy up onto her knees and smiled as she looked at Sue still playing with her cunt, more so than actually wanking it. She knew what I wanted and the little raver didn't need to be told what to do. She took my spunk and love juice covered cock into her mouth and slowly slid about half of its length in and out of her mouth. Fabulous sucker, her mouth was so warm and wet. Then I stopped her, smiled and said, "Watch this."

JOKER

Rosie went to the doctors and when she came back, she started to tell her husband about the visit.

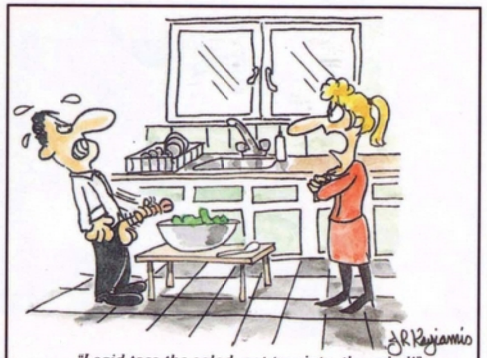
"When the doctor examined me, he said how beautiful my breasts were for a woman of my age."

"Did he say anything about your fat arse?" asked her husband.

"No," replied Rosie, "I don't think he mentioned you at all."

I held my now throbbing cock in my right hand, pushed Sue's legs wide apart and eased it into her cunt. She groaned and squeezed her eyes shut as I put it into her, I pulled her long stockinged legs up over my shoulders and stuffed her with long, slow, deep thrusts. Mandy was kneeling at the edge of the bed watching my cock slide in and out of my wife's glistening cunt. As she watched, her left hand was between her own legs once more. I kept stuffing Sue who was moaning in delight as I fucked her.

I looked at Sue who had a smile on her face, then I rolled her over and got on her from behind and got my thighs on either side of her gorgeous bum as I put my swollen cock up her juicy cunt hole. She gasped and I gave her the best fucking I've given her in years. It was just a long, shafting fuck that took her and took her till I cried out, "NOW," and shot my spunk right up her fat, juicy cunt. It streamed into her and I groaned and pumped at her as she cried out in glorious joy. It was all over her thighs and bum cheeks.



"I said toss the salad, not toss into *the salad!"*

JOKER

An extremely good-looking, long legged blonde was laying on a trolley-bed in hospital, waiting for an operation. The nurse left her behind the screen to find out whether the surgeons were ready to perform. She'd been laying there for a minute, when a man in a white coat came behind the screen, lifted up the blanket that had been wrapped around her, had a good look at her naked body, scratched his chin, and then disappeared.

A further minute elapsed, and a second man in a long white coat walked in behind the screens and removed her covers, eyeing her body. He then tucked her back in and went away.

Half a minute later, a third man in a white coat walked in behind the screen, tore off her blanket and stared at her naked body.
"Look," shouted the patient, "it's all very well to keep ogling at me, but when are you going to perform the operation?"

"It's no good asking me," replied the man, "we're just here to decorate the hospital."

Then I shoved my semi-hard cock into Mandy from behind and managed to get it up her. I fucked her slowly in case my cock slipped out, but I managed to stay in her for some time like that till I was hard again, but that would take too long to tell you. Let's just say I came four times that night, twice up Mandy's cunt, once in Suzanne's cunt and once in Mandy's mouth. It was the best fuck night I ever knew. Definitely my best birthday ever. — *D.T., Cornwall.*

Wank Girl

I'd like to share with your readers an experience which I'm happy to say has opened up a whole new world to me. It happened by chance. I'm a keen sportsman, playing some kind of sport or other nearly every night of the week. During a game of racketball I badly injured my back, leaving me in a fair amount of pain and unable to move very much. As I had booked a game of badminton for the following night I suggested that my wife, Sara, play instead of me. The next night Sara went and played, leaving me lying on the living room floor in front of the television.

When Sara returned she was elated as she had won. She paced around the room recalling some of the shots she had played. As she did, I watched her intenly. She was wearing a short white tennis skirt, white knickers, white ankle socks and a pale blue tee shirt. As she moved back and forth around the room I was treated to glimpses of her knickers pulled tight against her buttocks. Her long legs still showed signs of her game, slightly glowing. I remarked that I never realised how good she looked in her kit.

Pun-ilingus

Naïveté:
Assuming that a knocking-shop is a place of business without a doorbell.

Near Miss:
A guy who's one operation short of a sex change.

Newcomers:
Honeymooners.

Nosey parker:
An usher who keeps an eye on couples in the balcony.

With a smile on her face she stood to the side of me, placed her hands on her hips and slightly opened her legs. "Watch and learn how a woman likes to be touched," was all she said, as her hands started to gently caress her stomach. My cock hardened immediately as her hands flicked at the hem of her skirt, exposing her knickers and upper thigh. Her hands went onto her hips as she thrust her pelvis back, sliding her hands onto her thighs.

Raising her skirt to waist level she began to gyrate her hips, bending her legs, giving me a perfect view up between her legs, to the crutch of her panties. As she continued to caress her stomach with her skirt hitched up, her other hand moved up onto her breasts. She expertly cupped her tits through her tee shirt, teasing her nipples, which were now clearly visable through the sweaty tee shirt. The hand on her crutch was now undoing her skirt which she allowed to drop to the floor. The sight of her tiny knickers pulled up tight, showing the outline of her pubic mound and cunt lips nearly made my bollocks explode in my pants.

I pulled out my cock and started to rub it against my stomach, not wanting to come too soon and spoil the show. Sara was now running her hands across the front of her panties, teasing her cunt lips either side of the front of her panties, her cunt hair was exposed. Her hand slid up to the waistband of her panties and pulled them up, twisting the material so they were able to slide up her crack. She moved her hands in slow circular movements, stimulating her clit, moaning and gyrating her hips.

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PENPOWER PLUS

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Birthday Babysitter

It all happened about a year ago on my 34th birthday. My wife Suzanne and I had gone out for the evening with a load of friends for a really good session on the town. Our next door neighbour at the time (she's moved on since) was a gorgeous 20 year old blond called Mandy, I had wanted to stuff her since she moved in some six months beforehand. She lived on her own and was out of work, so Sue and her were together for a lot of the time during the day. We lived in an old farm worker's cottage a couple of miles from town. Mandy had the second smaller cottage. We had become good friends with her and she came round on a couple of evenings a week to watch a movie or two on the video and down a couple of bottles of wine. I always had a hard on by the time she left, and ended up screwing Sue. Sue was 32 at the time and looked about 25, still does come to think of it. She is blonde, about five foot six and quite pretty, she has a lovely cunt and I enjoy servicing it as often as I can. Her tits are only 34 inches but very firm with large red nipples which she loves me to suck really hard. She has a great pair of legs that look knockout in black stockings, and her cunt, despite two kids, is still quite tight and very, very juicy.

Mandy had been babysitting for us that night, and it was gone one in the morning by the time we got back. We had returned as we left, by taxi, but had to walk some hundred yards or so down the lane to the cottage. Mandy didn't hear us coming but as we got to the house I could see right in through the front room window, and what I saw on the TV gave me an instant monster of a hard on. Mandy was watching one of my porno videos. Sue was so pissed I was holding her up, she was all but passed out and this was my birthday! I had had several but was OK, I don't wish to sound too macho but I do handle to old amber nectar well.

I stood there for a few seconds till I could pick out Mandy's head leaning back against the armchair in front of the TV. I saw one leg sticking right out on her right hand side and my cock jumped in my jeans, the little tart was wanking herself off!

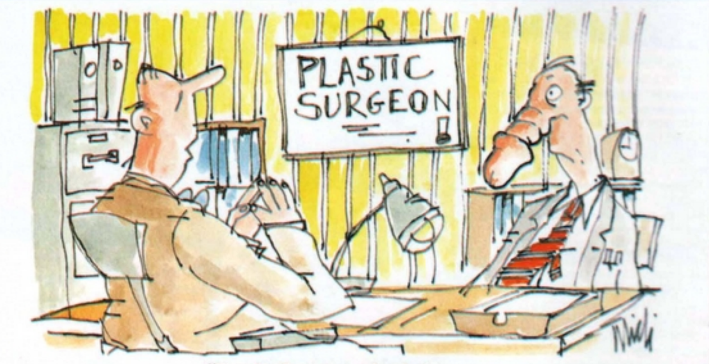
I would like to have stood there watching her and wanked. Then Sue started mumbling something drunkenly, and I had to pull her towards the door. She really was pissed and although I am a six foot, 12 stone guy and she's only 9 stone, you know what it's like guys, don't you, when you're trying to hold up some drunken woman who wants to fall down? Especially when you're trying to pull a key out of your pocket, and get it in the door in the dark.

Pun-ilingus

Independent woman's motto:
Sperm count.. but not for much.

Insider dealing:
Selling suppositories.

Keyhole:
The Sultan's favourite.



"Now Mr Drayton, what brings you here?"

Of course I got her inside making some noise that Mandy obviously heard, and then she came out of the lounge. I noticed the empty wine bottle on the table and saw the flushed look on her face as I stood there with Suzanne's arm over my shoulder. I smiled and asked if she enjoyed the video. She looked at me for a moment or two without saying a word, then she gave a slightly tipsy smile and said, "Yes it was very good." I winked at her and said, "Yeah, but the real thing's better." Just then as she smiled in return, Sue sort of came round for a few seconds and started laughing. Her eyes were trying to focus on Mandy, she mumbled something I couldn't quite make out and took a drunken step forward. She would have fallen over if I hadn't held her up, Sue started giggling uncontrollably and we all started laughing as I sat her down on one of the kitchen chairs. "She's had a few over the eight," laughed Mandy. My eyes were glued to Mandy's large firm tits that were pushing her thin sweatshirt out in twin mountains. She laughed as she saw me staring at her, and said, "I know, they're large, aren't they?"

God, my cock was rock hard and I nodded. I looked at Sue and she was leaning on an arm, face down on the table. An idea was already flashing across my mind (along with all the others) and I said, "Give us a hand to get her up on the bed Mandy, will you?" We put her to bed, and got on with our business.

Mandy hitched her skirt round her waist and her naked cunt was stuffed full of frantic fingers. So I had been right, she was wanking in the front room! Boy did she look good, she had two fingers of her left hand pumping frantically in and out of her streaming cunt, while she flashed two fingers of her right hand across her lips and clit in a blur. Her juices were running out, and I could hear the sticky sounds of her cunt as she wanked.

JOKER

A young boy was in the garden with his grandad digging for worms, to use as bait. He pulled out a big one and said to his grandfather, "Hey, look at this whopper."

"That's very impressive," replied the grandfather, "but I bet you 50p you can't get it back in the hole."

Upon hearing this and being very bright for his age, the boy rushes indoors, and sprays the worm with hair lacquer, after which the task was a sinch.
Next morning, the grandfather calls the boy over and says, "Here's the 50p piece I promised you, and here's a fiver from grandma!"

She had the best pair of thighs I've ever seen. I began to strip quickly and she glued her eyes to my jeans as I tugged them down. Then just as my swollen throbbing cock swung up and into view, Mandy groaned and gave a series of little gasping cries, and came. I wanked my big fat cock slowly as she sagged at the knees and jerked convulsively as she orgasmed.

I crossed to her and kissed her passionately. I put my tongue into

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State Of The Nation

After virtually wiping them out in the 1800s, white America is suddenly beginning to take an interest in the native American Indian. Scars like the slaughter at Wounded Knee take more than time to heal, and even today, Indians make a pilgrimage to the site where so many of their ancestors died . . .

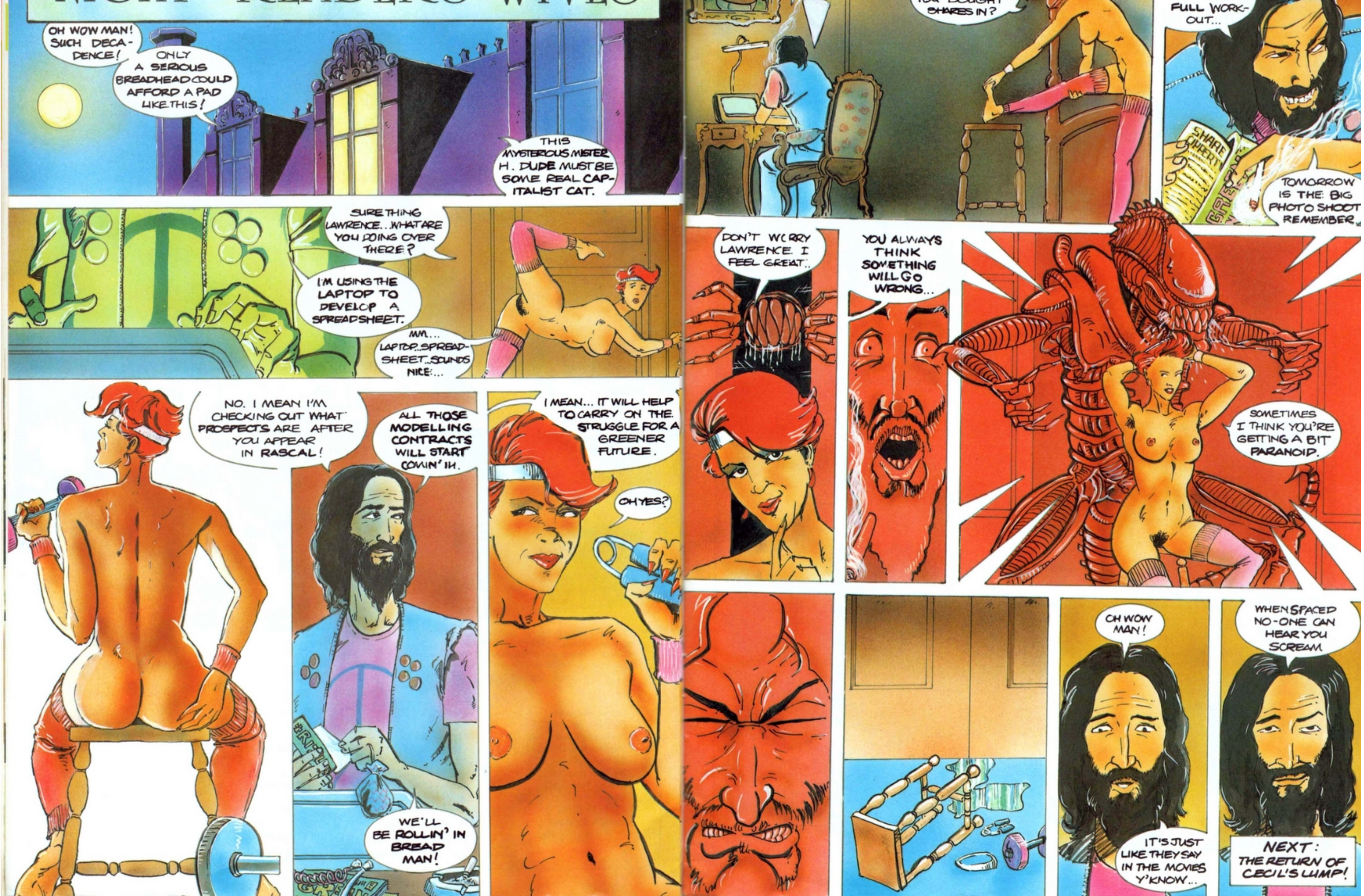
Just over a century ago, 300 Lakota Sioux Indians were massacred at a place called Wounded Knee. The name would live long after the men who carried out the atrocity, and was immortalised in the book of the same name by Dee Brown. But instead of facing a trial, the killers were awarded medals. It was the final blow in a war that had seen the Sioux nation decimated, both physically and spiritually.

By the late 1870s, the relationship between whites and Indians had collapsed. Treaties had been made and broken, and the Indians felt the time had come to count crop. In 1876 in the Little Big Horn range of the Black Hills of Dakota, the Sioux nation wiped out General Custer and his troops. Sitting Bull claimed the victory, but the Sioux effectively lost their freedom.

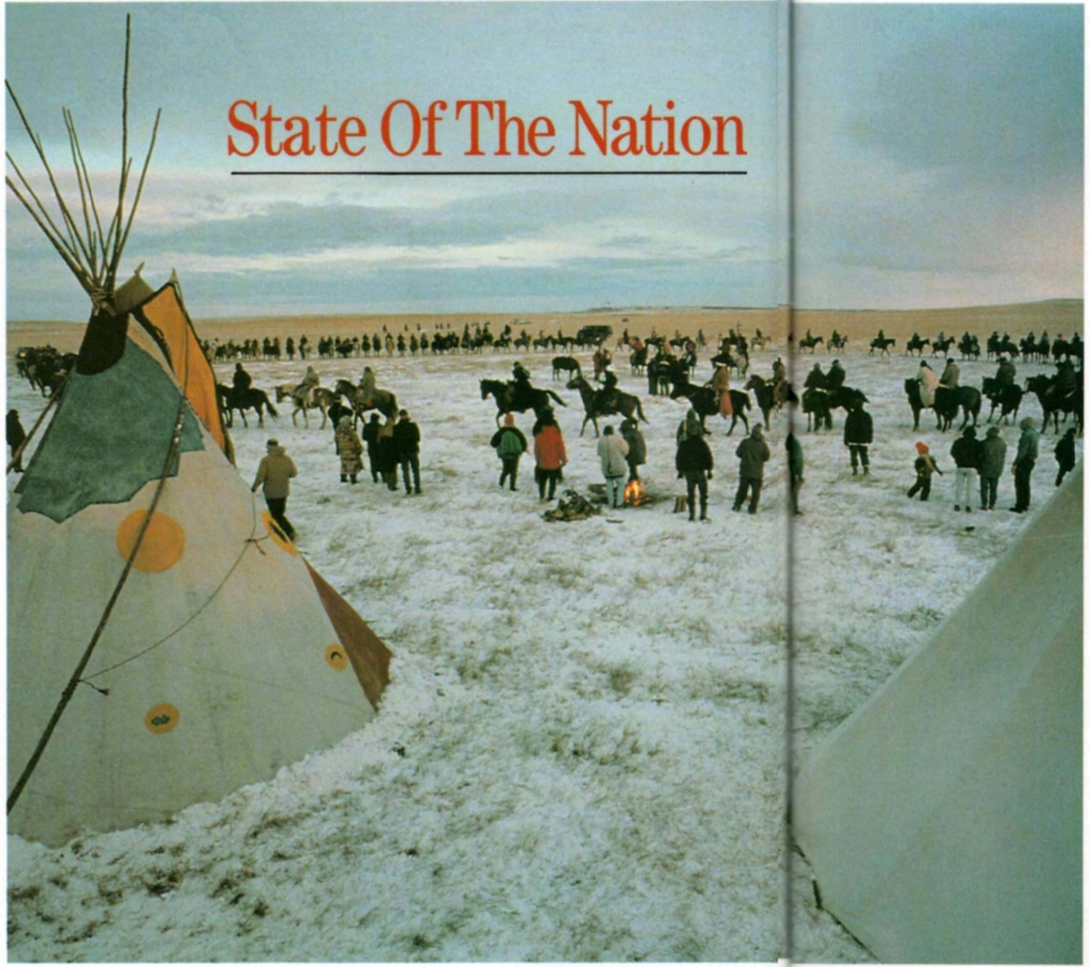
A treaty with the government of the time recognised the Lakota as a nation on its own, and guaranteed that the land of the Great Sioux nation would not be violated without tribal permission. However, the discovery of gold in the Black Hills and the uncontrollable desire of whites to conquer the West led to the Sioux being restricted to reservations.

At dawn on December 15th 1890, a white Indian agent named McLaughlin led a group of Indian police to Sitting Bull's cabin and killed the spiritual chief of the Lakota Indians. Fearing further attacks, a Lakota leader called Big Foot broke

NIGHT OF THE READERS' WIVES


OH WOW MAN! SUCH DECADENCE!
ONLY A SERIOUS BREADHEAD COULD AFFORD A PAD LIKE THIS!
THIS MYSTERIOUS MISTER H. DUDE MUST BE SOME REAL CAPITALIST CAT.
SURE THING LAWRENCE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?
I'M USING THE LAPTOP TO DEVELOP A SPREADSHEET.
MM... LAPTOP... SPREADSHEET... SOUNDS NICE:...
NO. I MEAN I'M CHECKING OUT WHAT PROSPECTS ARE AFTER YOU APPEAR IN RASCAL!
ALL THOSE MODELLING CONTRACTS WILL START COMIN' IN.
WE'LL BE ROLLIN' IN BREAD MAN!
I MEAN... IT WILL HELP TO CARRY ON THE STRUGGLE FOR A GREENER FUTURE.
OH YES?
YEAH BABE. I SEE A FUTURE IN TREES AND WOOD... ESPECIALLY WOOD...
YOU MEAN LIKE THAT FOREST STRIPPING OPERATION YOU BOUGHT SHARES IN?
ER WELL..
HEY BABE. I HOPE YOU'VE DONE YOUR FULL WORK-OUT...
SHARE EXPERT
TOMORROW IS THE BIG PHOTO SHOOT REMEMBER.
DON'T WORRY LAWRENCE. I FEEL GREAT.
YOU ALWAYS THINK SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG...
SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE GETTING A BIT PARANOID.
OH WOW MAN!
IT'S JUST LIKE THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES Y'KNOW...
WHEN SPACED NO-ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM
NEXT: THE RETURN OF CECIL'S LUMP!

State Of The Nation



camp on the Cheyenne River and took his band toward Pine Ridge where he and his men would be protected by Chief Red Cloud.

On December 28th, before Big Foot could complete the journey, he and his warriors were stopped and surrounded by the 7th Cavalry (Custer's old command) and escorted to a camp along Wounded Knee creek. In the morning, Big Foot and his men were faced by 500 Cavalry troopers and were requested to relinquish their weapons. From this point, the story varies, but the final death toll of 300 Indian men, women and children including Chief Big Foot himself cannot be disputed. Indian history says that the attack was premeditated and motivated by revenge, whilst historians claim the situation got out of hand, and the deaths occurred in a terrifying crossfire.

Today, Pine Ridge, just near Wounded Knee is a mass grave for 150 souls. For the 550 inhabitants of Wounded Knee, the massacre lives on. "For us," said one elder, "Wounded Knee happened yesterday. It's a living memory. We don't forget easily."

The anniversary is seen as a time of reconciliation, and a time for Indians to remember their history. It became a catalyst to begin the healing process in South Dakota after years of bitterness. In 1973, awareness was again heightened when Wounded Knee was occupied by members of the American Indian Movement (AIM) for 71 days.

For the past four years, a party of Lakota Indians has set out on December 15th on horseback to follow the 150 mile trail taken by Big Foot and his warriors. Last year was the most symbolic of the past four journeys, and saw 250 Indians from across the country take part. Amongst them was former AIM leader Russell Means, one of the armed activists who occupied the site in 1973. To him, "Wounded Knee proved to Indian people that it was all right to stand up and be an Indian, and that it's worth fighting for."

Never forgotten, the spirits of Sitting Bull, Big Foot and the other massacred inhabitants of Pine Ridge have been liberated through a series of ritualistic ceremonies and reunited with the Great Spirit. On the desolate prairies stretching from Pine Ridge, Lakotas pounded drums, chanted songs and smoked the peace pipe.

Every morning of the 15 day journey, Indians on horseback formed circles and prayed. Led by an Indian called Looking Horse, who wore a red cape and carried an eagle feather-topped pole on the trip, the Indians rode for 30 miles a day, stopping only at night-time. It was then that they would set up camps and sit around fires, while the lucky ones would stay with people who lived along the route.

While the women, who followed the pilgrimage by car, prepared freshly roasted buffalo and other traditional foods such as wasna, the men took part in further ceremonies. In front of Sitting Bull's home site, Isaac Dog Eagle, great-grandson of the warrior chief, freed his ancestor's spirit and ended a generation's long mourning.

"Almost every Lakota has a relative who died at Wounded Knee," said Virgil Kills Straight after the ceremony. "We look to the future, leave the time of mourning; live in a new world, a new beginning. Let us tell the world that we lived and will continue."

But not all Indians that the pilgrimage met had such a positive outlook. In Eagle Head, drunken Indians hung around the post office, and the village doctor admitted that 70% of his patients were unemployed and that a 90% alcoholism rate existed alongside a suicide rate higher than the national average.

Sioux are demanding that citizens and the state government accept the tribal sovereignty guaranteed by treaties. They want more co-operation on land, water, hunting and fishing rights. For these people, whose history dates back more than 40,000 years, land is the heart of their mythology and culture.

In 1992, America will celebrate the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' landing, and Indian leaders have been campaigning against the 'navigator'. Through heightened awareness and education, the 'revisionist' reading of US history is gaining recognition: witness the financial and critical success of Kevin Costner's *Dances With Wolves*. In Wounded Knee, Francis He Crow, Howard Dera Robe, Little Finger and Amil Blue Legs, who all claim to be the oldest living descendants of Big Foot's family, are demanding an official apology for the 1890 massacre, monetary restitution and most importantly, a monument for the site. A memorial would provide a fitting tribute to the traditional values of wisdom, bravery, sharing and spirituality upheld by Big Foot.

"I want the American Indian to be proud of his heritage and for the white people to understand what we have contributed to this society," said Vernon Ashly, a 75 year old Crow Creek Sioux, and former state commissioner of Indian affairs.

The seventh surviving generation seems determined to rise from the ashes of this ancestors' near extinction. "This is the most exciting time. There is a spiritual resurgence growing by leaps and bounds on our reservations that non-Indians are completely unaware of. The tree of life is starting to form some new buds again," said an organiser of the Big Foot Memorial Riders. "It's early spring, but the blossoming is coming."

Text and Photographes by REX FEATURES

Lens MEN

long and brutal hours. I often have to toil over the weekend if I'm to make ends meet.

"People think that us photographers drink all the time and shag the models. But that's not the way it is, it would never work. Obviously, most people think we're sexually active with the models, but that's just *not* true. Oh, and by the way, I'm a married man with all the responsibilities, know what I mean?

Okay then, what about picture content – do you shoot the really rude stuff? C'mon, the people wanna know!

"No, I don't like hardcore stuff. I prefer soft, sweet pictures that are a bit romantic. I like working with two girls at a time. At the moment, I shoot four or five sets a week. That's a lot. In one year, I photograph about a hundred different gals. They're all very special to me, ha ha ha."

What qualities do you look for in a model? Juciy wobblers?

"Yes. Er, no, no!! The best girl is just your typical woman in the street; watching her reflection in a shop window, unaware of her own sexiness. A white, fresh, natural, ordinary girl. Lots of women don't know their sexual powers. That's really sad."

Tell me about your style.

"Well, I hate things that are moulded from the same cast. Too many English photographers work in exactly the same way all the time. I want to be flexible. There aren't too many people who can tell that it's a Nick Gurgul photo when they see my work in a magazine.

"I have no special personal style, and that's the way I've chosen to be. I want to be versatile and mobile. I photograph a lot of things besides girls, and I try to be as artistic as possible in my pictures."

You've got a great lust for life, or is it just a great lust? How do you see yourself in the future? It'd be a great comfort to you in your old age if you could still snap a tasty nude bod or two . . .

"I don't want to spend the rest of my life staring at naked girls from behind a camera. I would like to develop as a photographer, come closer to the person who's in front of me. Get deep down to the *real* person in the picture."

Um, er, yeah, that sounds a bit too rude for us, actually. So we'll just move right on to the next question. A lot of people would find it incredible that you get to see a lot of beaver and get paid for it as well. What kind of dosh to do you bring in? I bet it's a whole barrel load. How else could you afford those Gucci loafers thay you're wearing?

"Er. I'm not driven by the money. I'm not a very materialistic person. I write poetry and I'm kind of a philosopher. Leisure is important to me, I like to go to the theatre and art exhibitions. I find that very stimulating.

"I'm interested in truth. And by that I mean, we should all take responsibility for our life and actions. But the most important thing is the photography. I'm going to keep on till the day I jump off a bridge and kill myself . . ."

With that final, awesome statement, Nick Gurgul picks up his funny red nose and walks off into the sunset. Part English, part Polish; part philosopher, part porno-king; part artist, part wildebeest. Who would believe that this is the same guy who puked into his briefcase, pissed out of his mind in a taxi? Only the cab driver, I guess.

Lens MEN

THE FUNNIEST MAN IN THE WORLD" AND "MR. CHARISMA": THESE ARE JUST TWO OF THE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID ABOUT NICK GURGUL (THE OTHERS ARE ALL UNPRINTABLE!) YES, US GEEZERS AND GEEZETTES REALLY LOOK FORWARD TO NICK'S LITTLE VISITS. HIS VERY PRESENCE TRANSFORMS THIS DANK AND GREY WORKHOUSE INTO A PALACE OF FUN. PLUS, HE TAKES REALLY RAUNCHY PHOTOS. HEEEERE'S NICKY . . .

Nick Gurgul roars with laughter, "Am I a man, or am I cat?" Ha, ha, ha. He guffaws some more, having just completed a long and involved joke that's far too disgusting to tell in its entirety. The whole room laughs with him. Yet it is Nick's peal of joy that rings out above the rest. It starts with a little chuckle, builds into a high pitched scream and climaxes with a demented wail. Then, just as suddenly as it started, it stops. All that remains is a dry gurgle in the throat. Well, as they say, Gurgul by name . . .

"Life's too short, you have to enjoy every second of it, and joking is an important ingredient of everyday life," says Nick thoughtfully, trying to explain his philosphy. "I'm sorry but my sense of humour is kind of black. I'm no angel. I have to be able to breathe," he continues, "perhaps it's got something to do with my upbringing . . ."

Yes, there's certainly nothing much to laugh at in the Gurgul family history. His dad was a survivor of the Nazi holocaust. After the war he moved from his native Poland to the green and pleasant shores of merry Britain. Whereapon he met and married an English rose. The result of this happy union was of course our Nick. Which explains his devil may care nature, his unconventional looks, not to mention his strange name!

"I've visited Poland, my father's country, a lot of times," he says, "but I could never live there." Nick can't handle the simple life that Poland has to offer. "Yes, I'm too decadent," he smiles "and they drink too heavily. I could never keep up with their drinking habits . . ." Instead Gurgul, or Gurgy as his friends call him, has developed another extremely dangerous habit: photography.

How did you become a photographer?

"I went to college and studied figurative art. I didn't make nice paintings or sculptures. All my work was drawn from my own ideas, pictures from inside my mind. From then on I went on to a further education in art photography."

Regarding his entrance into the extraordinarily glamorous world of porno-pics, Nick is surprisingly reticent. All that he will say is that it was an "accident". Hmmm, what's he got to hide? No amount of persuation will induce him into revealing the facts of his very first vag shot. "Here I am taking tit snaps all day long," is all that Gurgy will say.

Like a lot of his camera-wielding chums, Nick Gurgul started his illustrious career by making coffee and cleaning. Working his way up from the bottom (ooer, bit rude!), this boy made good.

How is life at the top, Gurgy, if I may call you that?

"Oh yes, please do. Well, I've been taking pictures since 1980, when I was 23. Now I'm only 33, but I feel much, much older."

Well, now that you come to mention it Nick, I mean Gurgy, you do look quite haggard most days. We were getting fairly worried about you at one time. Is it a hard and exacting lifestyle that you lead?

"I do lead a hard life. It's tough, you have to work

CHECKOUT THE ACTION

Removing a bunch of dead flowers from a vase on Mann's desk, she crept up behind Cynthia and flung the smelly, dirty flower water all over her bare back. The three of them then backed hastily out of the office and peeped round the door as Cynthia screamed and rose into the air like a helium filled pig balloon while Mann's prick, freed from its fleshy torture chamber, did the opposite and flopped down dead.

"THERE WASN'T A GREAT DEAL OF MR MANN TO BE FOUND, ENVELOPED AS HE WAS BY CYNTHIA'S ENORMOUS BOSOM AND SPARE TYRES."

Gasping and shaking with laughter, Phil, Selina and Lilian clung to each other.

"Oh no ... Oh, that's gone and done it!" wailed Selina, starting to soak her drawers for the second time in two days. She went racing for the loo, hand crammed up her crotch, quite forgetting Gordon Gross's nasty little practical joke.

A small, sharp explosion was heard, followed by a shriek and an even louder, "Oh, *no!*" as the wetting of the knickers was completed.

Down behind the cheese counter, Jimmy shot his bolt, wiped his prick on Jean's pink nylon petticoat, and then turned, with a satisfied grin, to poor old one-legged Mr Madrid, who had been stopped in the act of screwing Jean by Jimmy's badly timed arrival on the scene. Jimmy had hidden his wooden leg and had promised to give it back only if Madrid would allow his — Jimmy's — randy rod to replace Madrid's in Jean's tender young twat.

"Thanks a bundle, matey. I'll get your leg for you now," Jimmy said. Madrid scowled, his hands cupped round a prick which was even harder for having watched Jimmy's energetic performance. Jean, whose eyes had been closed throughout the proceedings, hadn't even noticed that during the last fifteen minutes she had been fucked by three different weapons — Jimmy's, Madrid's, and Madrid's wooden leg, which fortunately had left no splinters.

"JIMMY'S VISION WAS FILLED WITH THE SPLENDID SIGHT OF CYNTHIA'S GIANT WOBBLING BUM HEAVING UP AND DOWN."

Jimmy walked round the counter, to where he had left the artificial limb. It wasn't there. "Fuck me! Where's it gone?" cried Jimmy. Then his eyes spied two chortling youths making rapidly for one of the exit doors, one of them doing a passable impression of Long John Silver while the other squawked, "Shiver me timbers, hearties. Pieces of eight!"

"After them!" yelled Jimmy, quite forgetting Madrid's uniped state as he hauled him by the arm. Madrid toppled, bringing Jimmy down with him. They were instantly joined by Jean, who had overbalanced whilst trying to get her knickers back on.

The wooden leg was soon forgotten as Madrid pressed his throbbing bulge up against Jean's spunky cunt and Jimmy's hands clamped over her firm young breasts. A threesome was soon in progress, which did not pass unobserved.

"OH NO!' WAILED SELINA, STARTING TO SOAK HER DRAWERS FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWO DAYS."

"Look! I wonder what's going on over there, Reggie?" enquired Mrs Evelyn Foulkes, who bred champion labradors.

"Looks like fucking to me," muttered her farmer husband.

"I beg your pardon?" said Evelyn, adjusting her glasses for a better look. "By golly, you're right! What shall we do, Reggie?"

"Join 'em, you silly bitch," said her husband gleefully.

"Reggie," Mrs Foulkes shrieked, as Reggie's hands tore at her thin beige crepe blouse.

"Evelyn," was Reggie's muffled reply as he buried his head in his wife's luxuriant bosom and his hand rummaged squelchily between her legs. The excitement, the daring of it all, was turning Evelyn on. Then she caught sight of Jimmy's ten inch prick popping inside Jean's willing lips.

"Oooh," she gave a shuddering sigh and pushed Reggie's head down between her legs. "Suck me off, Reggie, there's a good boy. Lick me out," she commanded, in the Barbara Wodehouse tone she used on her dogs.

She hauled her skirt up to her waist as Reggie obeyed willingly, sinking to his knees and tonguing the depths of his wife's cunt, which was flavoured with Forest Flowers bath oil. It tasted more like wilderness weeds to him, but he was used to doing his duty ...

News of the success of his chemistry expert nephew's exploding powder had reached the ears of Gordon Gross as he presided over his Menswear. He smiled smugly, thinking of the revenge he had wreaked on those two silly cows, Pam and Selina. If they bothered him any more, he had yet another trick up his sleeve for them.

"SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF JIMMY'S TEN INCH PRICK POPPING INSIDE JEAN'S WILLING LIPS."

Lounging against the counter, he drifted into his favourite reverie of himself, presenting his own television programme. But not as Gordon Gross. Instead, he would be the gorgeous Gabriella Gross, complete with perfect make-up, long blonde wig, silk underwear and a spangled gown. Now, don't get the wrong picture. Gordon was no gay Gordon. The domestic bliss he dreamed of was to live in the company of a beautiful and understanding woman. They would climb into bed together each night, nightie slithering against nightie, and she would do wonderful things to his willy while calling it Wilhemina.

As he daydreamed, his hand strayed to the crotch department, a self-stimulation which was witnessed by Amanda Legg, who happened to be passing on her coffee break. The sight of the object of her wildest desires rubbing himself was too much for Amanda. With a moan, she launched herself at Gordon, fastening her scarlet lips on his and gyrating her belly frantically against his hardening trouser bulge.

Will Amanda get her leg over Gordon at last? Will the orgy in the cheese department ripen the Gorgonzola? Who will lend Selina a spare pair of knickers? Who will lend Mr Madrid a spare leg? Find out in next month's episode of *Checkout The Action.*

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JOKER

After a period of four years of trying to have a baby together, the couple finally succeeded and a baby boy was born. They were so happy, they decided to announce the arrival in a local newspaper.

So the husband went down to the head office and saw the editor to arrange for the good news to be published.

When he returned home, his wife asked how much it had cost.
"£5000!" he replied.

"£5000?" his wife repeated and collapsed. When she recovered, she asked him what he'd got for his money.
"Oh, the usual. Address, date, name of baby and parents."

"Then how come it cost so much then?"

"Don't know," replied her husband, "the only other thing the editor asked me was how may insertions."

"And what did you say?" The man replied, "Five times a week for four years."

Leaving her knickers stuck between her cunt lips she pushed her tee shirt up to her neck, revealing her tits with their nipples standing out, eager to be played with. She placed a nipple between her thumb and index finger of each hand and gently twisted and pulled them, opening and bending her legs in time with her hands.

By now I was wanking furiously at the show I was watching. I'd never seen Sara like this before, I'd never seen anyone like this before! She pulled off her T-shirt throwing it across the room, both hands going between her legs, rubbing the outside of her cunt and her inner thighs.

She knelt before my face, her hole inches from my face as she slowly pulled her knickers down. She had to part her lips where her knickers had been pulled far up her hole. She let her panties slip to mid-thigh as she ran her fingers through her pubic hair and down into the wet, parted lips that were now begging to be played with thoroughly.

I reached out and started to stroke her thighs. This brought moans of pleasure as her fingers continued to work at her gaping slit. I continued to wank vigorously, pushing my hand up between her legs, linking my fingers with Sara's, pulling and stroking her cunt lips. Sara leaned slightly forward and put one of her hands between my legs, stroking my balls and inner thigh. I couldn't hold out any longer. My head went dizzy as I shot my load over my stomach. Sara put her hand over my hand and cock, and continued to rub until I couldn't stand any further friction on my helmet. She rubbed my spunk into my stomach. All the time both her fingers and mine were fingering her cunt like it was going to disappear at any moment. At one point I had two fingers up her and was gently opening up her hole as she pushed two of her own fingers up as well.

All of a sudden she let her weight fall onto our hands as she screamed, pushing her cunt lips apart and letting her sticky come juices flow down onto her thighs. Shaking violently, she fell forward across my body, involuntary mini-convulsions rippling through her body. We embraced each other with a sense of urgency as we kissed, a long deep searching kiss that slowly subsided to a few pecks.

"How the hell do I know if it's in?!"

Never before had either of us experienced such an explosive orgasm. But one thing is certain, I've now booked up some more badminton courts. — *R.L., Essex.*

Silk Gusset

I was just an 18 year old inexperienced man and she was a 38 year old woman.

It was the night before Christmas Eve, she arrived rather late that night, saying she had locked herself out of the house, and her husband was at work.

She asked us if anyone could help her and I was only too willing. She told me that she had left the key inside the closed door. I could tell she had been drinking, but she still knew what she was doing. I climbed on top of the shelter above the front door and entered through the open window which was located upstairs. I had to run down and open the front door to let her in, then I proceeded to go home.

Even later on that evening she returned to our house saying she was lonely and carrying a video. By then she had been drinking even more, she passed the video to me which I started to play. To my surprise it was a blue movie which seemed to have an effect on her. She was drinking even more when I helped her up saying, "I think you've had enough to drink." With that I helped her to walk back to her house. ! placed my arm around her waist to steady her, and my hand started to slide under her jumper and inside her bra. I

▷ 5

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started to fondle her breasts and this got her rather excited. Her nipples seemed to harden, they felt just like bullets.

Once we were inside the house, I helped her into the living room and onto a chair. By that time my hand was no longer inside her bra but lower down. I reached for her zip and started to pull it down. My hands reached into the open jeans and started to masturbate her pussy over her knickers, which were starting to get damp with every movement I made. After that, my hands reached further inside her knickers, pulling the silk gusset of her panties to one side, venturing deeper and deeper inside the welcoming hole, and moving them in and out. By then her pussy was getting wetter and wetter and she was moaning in ectasy. She reached out and started to release my hard cock from the prison which it was enclosed in, it felt just like marble. She lowered her mouth around my shaft and started to suck with a vengance, harder and harder.

By this time I was on the verge of exploding my spunk all over the roof of her mouth. I withdrew my cock from her grasp and started to peel off her clothes. First, down came her jeans, then came her knickers which were so damp that they had become darker. I guided my cock into her gaping hole, deeper and deeper I plunged. It seemed to pull me in, I started to work, I was pumping and pumping whilst she carried on moaning. For her age she was a horny bitch. Then I exploded inside her, it felt just like a missile being launched. My spunk shooting into her felt wonderful. She released me and placed my cock into her mouth and started to drink all my juices as if it were a straw.

As time passed, my parents arrived at the door and started to knock, we quickly dressed and opened the door. After wishing her a good night, I returned home with my parents. — *G.N., Lancs.*

Pun-ilingus

What's in a name?:
Tarts prefer a young will to an Old Bill.

Whet dream:
An easily-sharpened knife.

Working vacation:
When urologists visit the Louvre and only look at the water colours.

XXX phone service:
Oral sex is more popular than ever before, because it's easy for an adult to pick up a blower.

JOKER

What's the difference between an oral and a rectal thermometer?

The taste.

Office Duties

I was 20 years of age when I started work in an office. My job was to keep the files on the computer up to date.

A week later a new girl started at the office, she was aged 18 and her hair was as white as snow. I had to train her in the office duties.

A few days later we both volunteered to do overtime. She started to tease me (the office was completely empty as the rest of the staff had gone home) and after a while she noticed that my trousers were starting to bulge. She took me by the hand and led me to the staff room and onto the sofa.

We started to kiss and she placed my hand into her blouse so I could grope her 36 inch breasts. Her nipples were rock hard to the touch as I placed one of her tits into my open mouth and started to nibble. She released her nipple from my grasp and pointed to the sofa. I pushed her skirt above her waist, took off her wet panties and put my head under her skirt, and started foraging through her perfectly formed pussy. I noticed that even her minge was the same colour as the hair on her head.

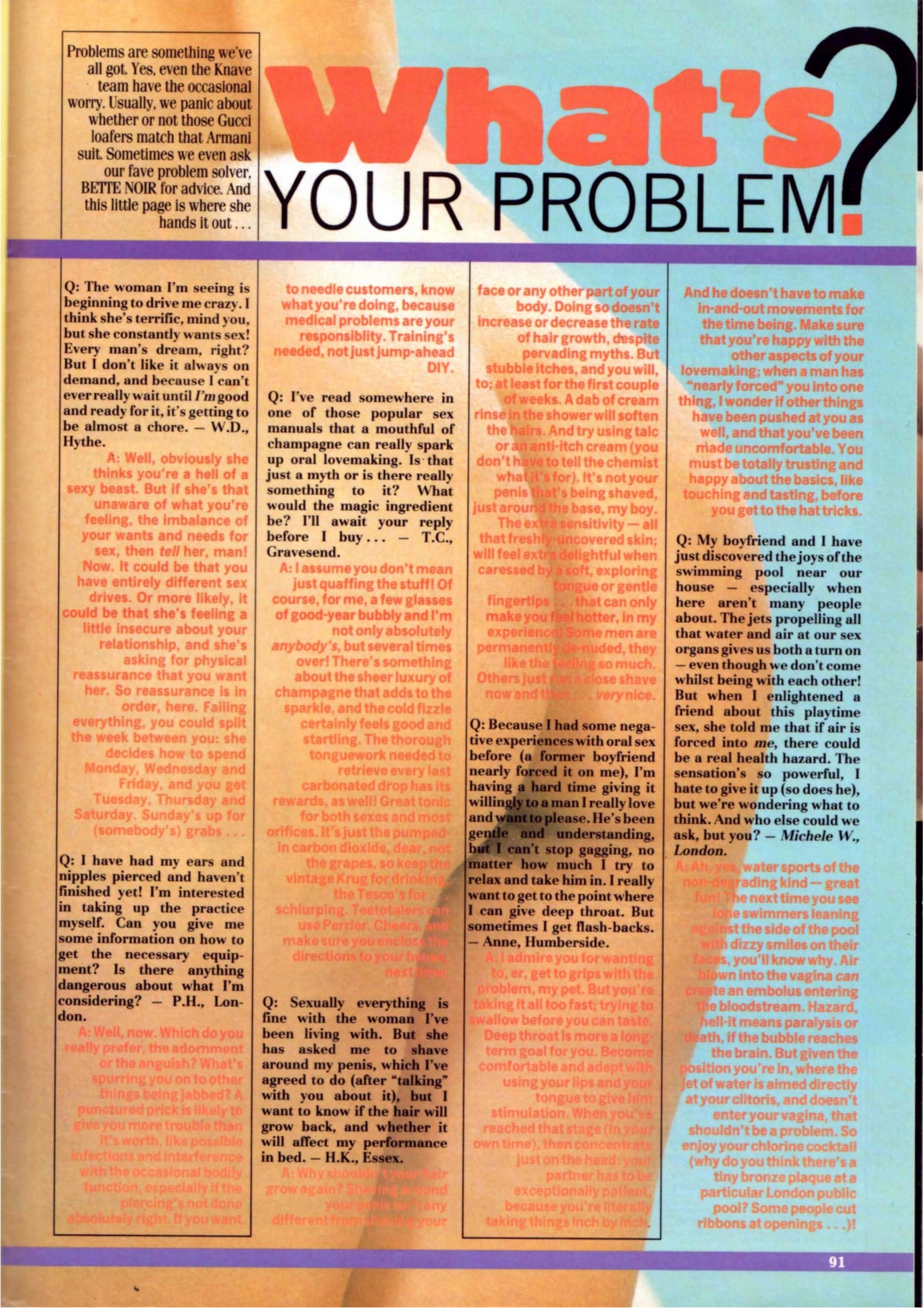
My tongue started to lap up the juices that were flowing down her thighs. She reached down, removed my head and started to unzip my fly so as to get to my long erect cock. She pulled down my foreskin and started to lick my veins which were throbbing and lowered her mouth over the hard shaft. Her head moved up and down, nearly swallowing my cock.

By this time, I could feel my balls tightening and my cock was on the verge of exploding. I quickly whipped it out of her mouth and guided it into her moist pussy, she put her hand on my bum and pulled me deeper and deeper into her. I took over with slow and rhythmic strokes that made her wriggle with pleasure. Then she gasped as my warm spunk shot straight for victory, she yelled out, "Oh come into me, come quicker," but I was pumping as hard as I could. She seemed to squeeze my cock with her cunt so that not a drop was wasted.

After she got what she thought was every last bit, she grabbed my cock and returned it to her mouth, to make sure. Drinking all the remaining semen, we both turned around so that my head was between her legs and her's between mine. I opened my mouth so that I could taste the cocktail of flavours which came about once my spunk had mixed with her juice. It tasted fantastic, like nothing I'd ever tasted before. She was still sucking my cock when I turned her over so that I could tackle her from behind (doggy style). I mounted her and held onto her swinging tits so that I could steady myself, and I was once more ramming it into her like a steam locomotive whizzing through a tunnel. All I could hear were her screams of pleasure as I delivered her orgasm after orgasm. Once I had shot my spunk for the last time, we disengaged and laid on the floor completely shagged out.

"This screen is here to protect the murder spot!"

After a while we got to our feet, got dressed and returned to our duties. Now I know what is meant by overtime, every chance we get, we volunteer for overtime so that we can carry on our antics. — *P.T., London.*



Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually, we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out . . .

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: The woman I'm seeing is beginning to drive me crazy. I think she's terrific, mind you, but she constantly wants sex! Every man's dream, right? But I don't like it always on demand, and because I can't ever really wait until *I'm* good and ready for it, it's getting to be almost a chore. – W.D., Hythe.

A: Well, obviously she thinks you're a hell of a sexy beast. But if she's that unaware of what you're feeling, the imbalance of your wants and needs for sex, then *tell* her, man! Now. It could be that you have entirely different sex drives. Or more likely, it could be that she's feeling a little insecure about your relationship, and she's asking for physical reassurance that you want her. So reassurance is in order, here. Failing everything, you could split the week between you: she decides how to spend Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and you get Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Sunday's up for (somebody's) grabs . . .

Q: I have had my ears and nipples pierced and haven't finished yet! I'm interested in taking up the practice myself. Can you give me some information on how to get the necessary equipment? Is there anything dangerous about what I'm considering? – P.H., London.

A: Well, now. Which do you really prefer, the adornment or the anguish? What's spurring you on to other things being jabbed? A punctured prick is likely to give you more trouble than it's worth, like possible infections and interference with the occasional bodily function, especially if the piercing's not done absolutely right. If you want to needle customers, know what you're doing, because medical problems are your responsiblity. Training's needed, not just jump-ahead DIY.

Q: I've read somewhere in one of those popular sex manuals that a mouthful of champagne can really spark up oral lovemaking. Is that just a myth or is there really something to it? What would the magic ingredient be? I'll await your reply before I buy . . . – T.C., Gravesend.

A: I assume you don't mean just quaffing the stuff! Of course, for me, a few glasses of good-year bubbly and I'm not only absolutely *anybody's*, but several times over! There's something about the sheer luxury of champagne that adds to the sparkle, and the cold fizzle certainly feels good and startling. The thorough tonguework needed to retrieve every last carbonated drop has its rewards, as well! Great tonic for both sexes and most orifices. It's just the pumped-in carbon dioxide, dear, not the grapes, so keep the vintage Krug for drinking, the Tesco's for . . . schlurping. Teetotalers can use Perrier. Cheers, and make sure you enclose the directions to your house, next time.

Q: Sexually everything is fine with the woman I've been living with. But she has asked me to shave around my penis, which I've agreed to do (after "talking" with you about it), but I want to know if the hair will grow back, and whether it will affect my performance in bed. – H.K., Essex.

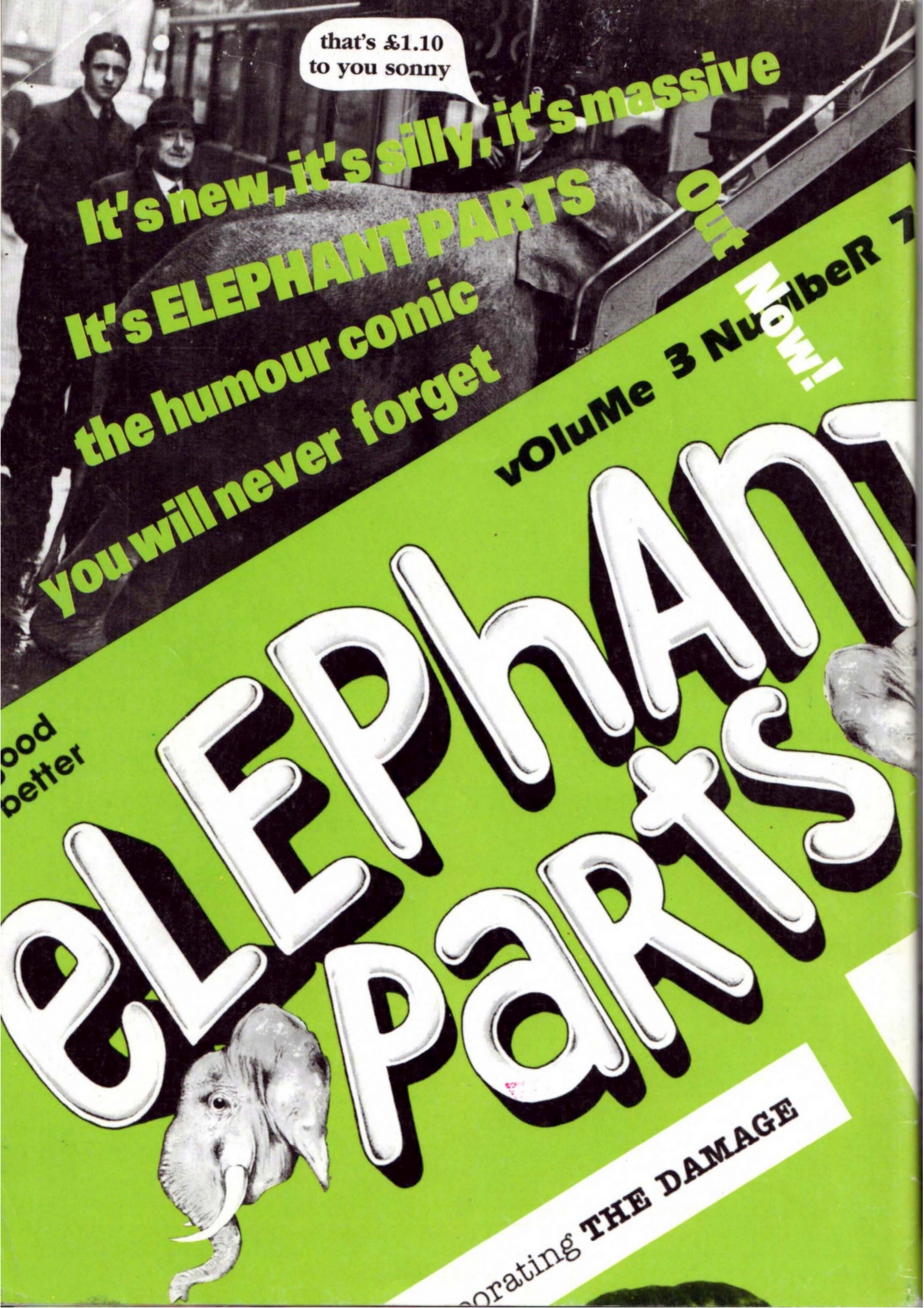
A: Why shouldn't your hair grow again? Shaving around your penis isn't any different from shaving your face or any other part of your body. Doing so doesn't increase or decrease the rate of hair growth, despite pervading myths. But stubble itches, and you will, to; at least for the first couple of weeks. A dab of cream rinse in the shower will soften the hairs. And try using talc or an anti-itch cream (you don't have to tell the chemist what it's for). It's not your penis that's being shaved, just around the base, my boy. The extra sensitivity — all that freshly-uncovered skin; will feel extra delightful when caressed by a soft, exploring tongue or gentle fingertips . . . that can only make you feel hotter, in my experience! Some men are permanently de-nuded, they like the feeling so much. Others just run a close shave now and then . . . *very* nice.

Q: Because I had some negative experiences with oral sex before (a former boyfriend nearly forced it on me), I'm having a hard time giving it willingly to a man I really love and want to please. He's been gentle and understanding, but I can't stop gagging, no matter how much I try to relax and take him in. I really want to get to the point where I can give deep throat. But sometimes I get flash-backs. – Anne, Humberside.

A: I admire you for wanting to, er, get to grips with the problem, my pet. But you're taking it all too fast; trying to swallow before you can taste. Deep throat is more a long-term goal for you. Become comfortable and adept with using your lips and your tongue to give him stimulation. When you've reached that stage (in your own time), then concentrate just on the head: your partner has to be exceptionally patient, because you're literally taking things inch by inch. And he doesn't have to make in-and-out movements for the time being. Make sure that you're happy with the other aspects of your lovemaking; when a man has "nearly forced" you into one thing, I wonder if other things have been pushed at you as well, and that you've been made uncomfortable. You must be totally trusting and happy about the basics, like touching and tasting, before you get to the hat tricks.

Q: My boyfriend and I have just discovered the joys of the swimming pool near our house – especially when here aren't many people about. The jets propelling all that water and air at our sex organs gives us both a turn on – even though we don't come whilst being with each other! But when I enlightened a friend about this playtime sex, she told me that if air is forced into *me*, there could be a real health hazard. The sensation's so powerful, I hate to give it up (so does he), but we're wondering what to think. And who else could we ask, but you? – *Michele W., London.*

A: Ah, yes, water sports of the non-degrading kind — great fun! The next time you see lone swimmers leaning against the side of the pool with dizzy smiles on their faces, you'll know why. Air blown into the vagina *can* create an embolus entering the bloodstream. Hazard, hell-it means paralysis or death, if the bubble reaches the brain. But given the position you're in, where the jet of water is aimed directly at your clitoris, and doesn't enter your vagina, that shouldn't be a problem. So enjoy your chlorine cocktail (why do you think there's a tiny bronze plaque at a particular London public pool? Some people cut ribbons at openings . . .)!


that's £1.10 to you sonny
It's new, it's silly, it's massive
It's ELEPHANT PARTS
the humour comic
you will never forget
Out Now!
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THE BUTTS FROM BRAZIL

Wet DREAMS

WATCHING

Watching. We all do it, but not many of us watch our partners or friends make love. It's a popular fantasy, though. You need only glance through the pages of our Penpower Plus books to realise that. Some people actually do take it further than the fantasy, and it shows in their letters. DANIEL CLEMENTS took it upon himself to take yet another gander into the sex lives and fantasies of others . . .

Angela, 23. "It's funny you should ask that. Yes, I am something of a voyeur but it's only been in the last couple of weeks that I've discovered it. I mean, I would have thought that only old guys in dirty macks were voyeurs – I'm female, obviously, young, and as you can see, my Burberry mack is spotless, just back from the cleaners!

"No, I'm not a peeping Tom or a peeping Tessa for that matter. It's all above board. My fiance's working in Hong Kong – he's an equities analyst – for three months. I'd have joined him, but I can't get away from my own job. *These days*, if you've got a job in the City you've simply *got* to hold on to it. So Trevor's in Hong Kong and we've promised to be faithful to each other – how could I cheat on a man who's letting me have his BMW while he's away? Don't answer that. I'm being strong-willed about this, so no temptations please.

"That's how this voyeurism thing started. I share a flat in Docklands with my girlfriend Tamsin and the sound of her and her boyfriend, Andrew, screwing at night comes through the wall. I'm in my room trying to read a book and I'm hearing all this: 'Oh yes, yes, fuck me harder,' and so on coming through the wall, and I haven't had any sex for a month and a half!

"It was driving me round the bend, as you can imagine. So I raised the subject the next morning over breakfast, and Tamsin is like: 'You can't expect us to get all inhibited just because you're not getting any!' It was turning into a bit of a row, and then Andrew suddenly says: 'Why don't you come and watch?' You should have seen the look of instant horror on mine and Tamsin's faces! Me watch them bonking! I mean how utterly pervy right?

"But Andrew, bless him, wasn't going to be put off that easily. 'Don't tell me that in all the years you've been living together you haven't caught a glimpse of some hanky panky now and again? So Angela has promised to be faithful to Trevor – ridiculous idea if you ask me but then nobody's asking me. Anyway, say we put on a little show for Angela. I think it would

THE BUTTS FROM BRAZIL

Rio de Janeiro, home of Ronnie Biggs, the street carnival, street kids, shanty towns and the smallest bikinis in the world. Following in the footsteps of our Ronnie, photographer and writer DAG OHRLUND jetted across the seas to aim his lens at the best butts in Brazil . . .

Rio de Janeiro, home of the world's most famous beaches. The Copacabana, for example, is interesting, but full of pick-pockets, drug dealers and hookers. But hey, that's cool if you want to lose your wallet, and contract a social disease. Most of us prefer something a little less illegal and dangerous on our hols, though.

Once you've seen Copacabana beach, you begin to wonder why on earth it's gained such notoriety around the world. It's interesting and fascinating, sure, but is it filled with beautiful girls? No. I couldn't even find Barry Manilow!

Ipaniema is the place to be. Not more than ten minutes walk from Copacabana, all you have to do is follow the ocean and you can't miss it. (*Really? — Ed*) Ipaniema lies just in front of some of the biggest luxury hotels to be found in Rio, and it's covered in girls just dying to show off as much of their bodies as possible! You can watch the kids playing football and volleyball, or you can eye up the talent — and that could take weeks to do, not to mention years off your life!

In Brazil, it really isn't the done thing to go topless, but the size of the bikini tops the girls wear make the difference minimal. The whole idea is to gild the lily, and give away just enough to keep the guys coming back for more. The beach bunnies are well aware of the fact, and constantly adjust their outfits to make sure their bait is working!

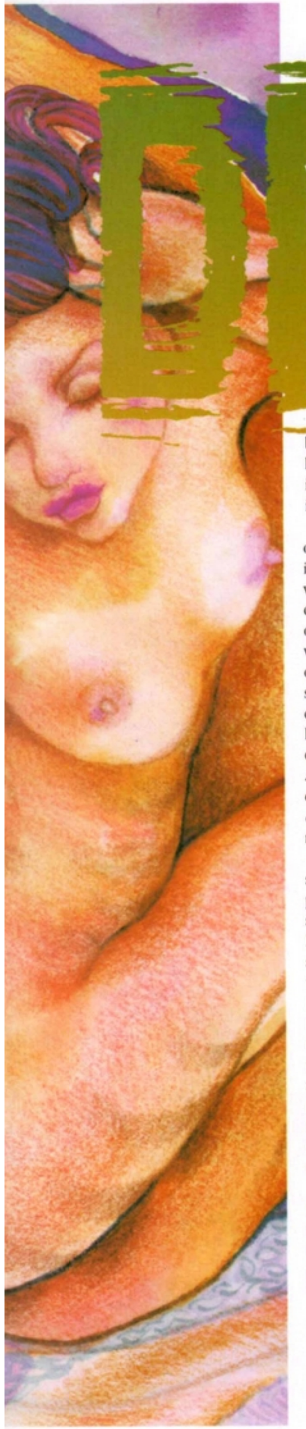
Their minute 'tangas' show off as much butt as possible, a practice know as bum-bum, which just happens to be the name of the country's most popular brand of bikini.

When you've soaked up as much skin and sun as possible over a few days, grab a cab and ask to be taken to Barra. This is where the real Brazilian girls come out to play, as opposed to the more tourist orientated Ipaniema. On Barra beach, you'll be treated to some of the most natural and beautiful Brazilian girls as well as some fantastic surfing.

The refreshing thing about Brazilians is their attitude to sex. Compared to other, more straight-laced countries, their moral standard may seem low, but to Brazilians, it's perfectly natural. The attitude is do it now — tomorrow it might be too late. So if you're a reasonably good-looking man, don't be surprised if one of the Barra beach bunnies approaches you and either starts up a conversation or simply gives you a note with her phone number on it. The local girls aren't too shy when it comes to picking up men! And all you have to do is make sure you've got a healthy supply of condoms. Healthy being the operative word.

But if you want to take the safest course, just admire the scenery instead. If you're a bottom fancier, Rio is the place for you! Me, I had a great time!

Wet DREAMS



be a real turn on. She's keeping her vow of chastity. We get off on it and she can have a good wank if she wants to.'

"Well, of course, over the years, one has inadvertently wandered into a room where some rogering was in progress but to actually, deliberately, sit down with a bag of popcorn, to *watch* seemed . . . well, *sick*, I suppose. We all went off to work and nothing more was said but that evening when I came in Andrew was there again. He's an excellent cook and I was offered some *scallopini alla veneziana* he'd just whipped up. A couple of glasses of Bulgarian *cabernet* got me in a mellow mood.

"There I was, sitting on the sofa, sipping some wine and flipping through a magazine, when suddenly Tamsin and Andrew – I'd heard them giggling in Tamsin's room and wondered what they were up to – come into the living room. Tamsin's wearing her best Janet Reger silk lingerie – basque, stockings and suspenders, the whole bit, and Andrew was wearing a pair of those really sexy briefs from that little shop on the Kings Road – the kind which are a bit like a jock strap but with a back to them and cost the earth.

"Anyway, Andrew puts The Pet Shop Boys CD on while Tamsin, looking like the cat who swallowed the canary, comes over to pour me some more *cabernet*. Then the two of them start kissing and feeling each other up. They're standing up. They're getting really hot. They've got a hand down each other's knickers. Tamsin is going, 'Yes, yes, ooh.' And then they're out of their knickers. On the floor. Tamsin on top, on all fours, sucking Andrew's cock which is already standing up like a frigging flagpole!

"Well, of course, I couldn't just walk out, could I? And anyway, *I'm* actually becoming turned on by the sight of all this and all those sex pheromones being sprayed all over the living room. And then, before I even realized what I was doing I found that my hand had worked its way into my knickers and *I'm* the one moaning and groaning now, and hearing *me* getting all worked up turned on the other two even more. They're fucking like a couple of *animals* by this point. I'm positively *dripping* onto the sofa!

"Well, three hours later we were still at it. Bulgarian wine consumption was well up. It's amazing really how much just watching can turn you on. There's no physical contact between Andrew and I, or Tamsin and I. Since that night, pretty much everytime Andrew comes round we have a session. The other night he served dinner (a lovely bit of pheasant his father had bagged in Scotland) dressed only in an even sexier pair of knickers. Tamsin and I were both in our best lingerie. Even in between courses we were at it – me watching and frigging myself, the other two sucking and slurping. Andrew eating mango fool out of Tamsin's pussy!

"And the best bit is that I was telling Trevor all about our goings on on the phone the other night and *he* was turned on by it all. He's popping back to London for a few days next week and he and I are going to put on a show for the other two! I can't wait. I think voyeurism is like sex for the future. It's safe and all that, yet it's so *incredibly* arousing!"

Ken, 46. "Your readers will probably think I'm pretty strange but the thing I keep fantasising about is watching my wife Val getting screwed silly by some other guy. It's not something I can explain, really. You'd think the very thought of such a thing would put me in a jealous rage – and maybe, if it were to happen in real life, it would – but at least as a fantasy it really gets me going!

"Sometimes in my fantasy Val and I are at home. The doorbell goes and it's some guy come to sell encyclopaedias or whatever, and I dive into the big wardrobe in our bedroom – one of the sliding doors open with just a crack so I can see out. In my fantasy, Val will be in some of her sexy underwear, her magnificent tits pretty much on show, and before long she's led this guy into the bedroom. He's out of his clothes in a flash. Meanwhile, Val will be on the bed – knowing full well that I'm there watching – her legs wide open.

Because it turns us both on, Val shaves her pussy. In real life – I'm a lucky fella I know! And in my fantasy I enjoy watching this guy's gob fall open as he first catches sight of Val's shaved snatch. He's bursting out of his Y-fronts which he peels off as soon as he's recovered his compsure, and he's on her in a flash. But Val, knowing I'm watching, rolls out from under him, puts him on his back and goes down on him in a 69 position so that I can see her sucking his rampant cock.

"This goes on a while. Maybe the guy shoots his spunk all over Val's face and tits, but in a moment he's hard again and now he's thrusting his cock deep into Val's shaved pussy. By this time I'm so excited I'm wanking like mad, and it's only the fact that Val and this guy are making so much noise themselves that they don't hear me knocking around in the wardrobe. We all come together – like you wouldn't believe. Great stuff.

"Or sometimes I vary my fantasy, imagining that I've been out to the pub with one of my mates from work. Usually, this is a young guy called Ted who recently started as an apprentice at the machine tool firm where I work. Ted's just 18, always randy, but despite all his talk I reckon that he's had only very limited sexual experience, and only with girls his own age. He doesn't know how an older woman like Val – she's 40 – can give you a proper shagging!

"So, in my fantasy, Ted and I have had a few down the pub and stopped back at my place and Val's dressed in something really sexy. I can see that Ted's keen, and while Val's getting us some drinks I pull him over and let him know, in so many words, that I wouldn't object if he was to get it off with Val, and that she's pretty keen on the idea, too. Just as long as I can watch! He can't believe his ears, but she urges him on, and before long he and Val are at it all over the sitting room while I'm sipping some Guinness, watching them.

"The only real difference from the other fantasy – aside from knowing the bloke – is that here Val's sort of showing Ted the ropes, showing him that sex can be more than just a quick in and out. She's sucking him. He's sucking her – gobsmacked by her shaved pussy. Showing him all sorts of interesting positions, doggie style, screwing with her on top and such like. Young Ted gets well and truly shagged but keeps coming back for more, until, completely knackered, he slumps back in a chair. Val's lying on the floor covered in sweat and spunk, smiling, and then I step in and show them both that there's still some life left in an old geezer like me!

"I've told Val about my fantasies and I think it really turned her on, but we both know full well that in real life we would never actually do such a thing. Isn't it funny how you can get so turned on by fantasies that you'd never in a million years get up to? Val and I have been married now for more than 20 years, and we've always been faithful to each other, but for some reason I find it a real turn on to imagine that I'm watching her doing it with some other bloke. Even, sometimes, her doing it with several of 'em at once! I guess deep down I'm a bit kinky but I don't see that it does."

A gentleman of my acquaintence is renowned for being an expert in Art Nouveau erotica, for being extremely fat and for being a man of great and diverse sexual experience. One time at a private viewing in a London art gallery I found myself asking him: "What's your favourite sexual position?" His reply was immediate and intriguing: "Watching."

We're all voyeurs, of course. Our cinema and TV is chock-a-block with scenes of people having it off with varying degrees of authenticity. And while the technology for recording such things on film may be relatively modern, I'm sure that copping a look at others engaging in sexual acts, and getting off on what you see, must be about as old as sex itself (was God, keeping tabs on Adam and Eve after the business with the apple tree, the first voyeur?). And chimpanzees, gorillas and other primates seem to find it a turn on watching other chimpanzees, gorillas and so forth getting it on – the only difference being that they haven't gotten around to making naughty videos.

However, voyeurism is not without its problems. For one thing, there are laws against invading other people's privacy – and so there should be. But there are other hazards of voyeurism, as a number of recent films point out. In the French thriller *Monsieur Hire*, a voyeur who spends all his spare time watching a beautiful female neighbour, in the process, learns about a murder. When the woman he is obsessed with invades *his* privacy, he gets more than he bargained for.

But I expect the biggest problem with voyeurism is that the sight of the real thing can, more often than not, put you off your stroke (if not your dinner). Purely in the interests of journalism, and the furthering of human knowledge, I once visited a 'swingers' sex club in New York called 'Plato's Retreat'. The night that I was there, with my girlfriend, there were perhaps 300 naked swingers going at it like they'd been celibate for the last twenty years. In 'The Mat Room', the jacuzzi, the video room and even in the restaurant there were great piles of bodies humping away. ("Hi, you'all from London England? *Love* the accent. Wanna party?")

If you didn't want to 'party' you could just watch. Especially considering that my John Henry seemed to find the proceedings too public to come out to play, this is what the girlfriend and I spent the evening doing. You name it, we watched it, but I must say that after several hours of this we found ourselves in danger of going off sex for life (and eating in the restaurant was *definitely* out of the question).

Real sex just doesn't look like the glossy, inviting sort of thing you see in films like *9½ Weeks* or *Last Tango in Paris*. For starters (I know this will come as a shock, quite a lot of people out there don't look even remotely like Kim Basinger, Mickey Rourke, Maria Schneider or Marlon Brando once they've stripped off. Or at least how Brando looked before he discovered the delights of Haagen-Däzs ice cream. Can you sue a company because their product tastes too good?

And the sex act itself, performed by hundreds of horny New Yorkers (and probably even if performed by hundreds of horny Londoners, Mancunians or Glaswegians) can be a real turn off. I'm no prude – you can't be and write for a magazine like *Knave*. I'm just saying that watching 150 sweaty, hairy male asses going up and down in time to naff disco music isn't actually all that arousing. Well not for me, anyway. Each to his or her own I say, but in the future I think I'll keep my voyeurism restricted to watching glossy films (have you seen Ellen Barkin in *Sea of Love* or Stacey Travis in *Hardware*?), Madonna videos, looking at the sexy women in *Knave* (can we have some more shots of Jackie the cover girl on 22/12 please!) and the perambulations of my own fantasies!